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Waiting's End

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Waiting's End

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Abstract

The last bell-like chord of “The Submerged Cathedral” faded into the dark silence, and my hands rested on the piano keys...

think all of us are a bunch of stupid fools—you're too damn good for us, aren't you, George?"

"By God, you know, I think you're right."

"That's just what I thought. *You're* never gonna get anywhere. If you'd get your nose out of a book long enough *you* might get a promotion like Tom Willis got—"

"Oh, to hell with Tom Willis. And you, too!" He got up and threw down the paper. "Why don't you go live with Tom Willis—Tom and the Tom-cat." He laughed viciously.

"It's a sure thing *he* wouldn't threaten me—"

"By God, you and your yap-yap would drive anyone crazy—same every damn night—George this and George that—"

"I work and cook—"

"Yap—yap—Turn it loose! I'm going to bed!" He thundered up the stairs.

She stood rigid. Her mind was choked. Then she picked up the iron and pressed it hard against one of his white shirts. The strong odor of scorched cloth filled the room.

—Donald C. Ohl, Sci. So.



Waiting's End

The last bell-like chord of "The Submerged Cathedral" faded into the dark silence, and my hands rested on the piano keys. I opened my eyes, and there she was, my Durry, standing before me. My eyes looked into hers, and suddenly I was no longer tired. I could see nothing else; thought ceased.

—Gerald H. McGraw, Sci. So.